

## POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

All communications and inquiries should be addressed to

W. C. STEELE,  
Switzerland, Florida.

## Fattening Chickens.

Wallace's Farmer publishes an article describing the method of fattening chickens. It is often important to fatten some chickens that you wish to sell but which are not in good condition for market. You will do well to cut this out, if you do not preserve your papers, and file it safely away where it will be at hand when needed.

In a recent issue I noticed your article on the method employed in fattening chickens in large plants arranged for this purpose throughout the country. However, you gave only a partial formula of the feed used in this fattening, and the part you left out I consider very important; therefore I give you the exact formula used by a large feeder of Boston, who has plants in all the towns in this territory. The ration is composed as follows:

Take equal parts of oatmeal, graham flour, and cornmeal, and for every hundred pounds of the dry feed add six pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of tallow. Mix with buttermilk or sour milk so it will pour out of a pitcher. After each meal mix milk and the dry feed for the next meal. Put in three ounces of soda for every hundred head of chickens. The soda sweetens the mixture and makes it light and palatable for the fowls. I use this ration for my capons every year and can recommend it. Do not fail to keep plenty of charcoal and grit before the chickens. Keep them away from noise and excitement and feed twice a day at regular hours. I feed at nine and four o'clock, and never feed except when cooped.

Last year I fed forty-nine capons and made a gain of nearly a pound per head in fourteen days, which at 14 cents a pound for all birds weighing over eight pounds, is good returns. This year I had nearly one hundred birds far better than my bunch last year. They are all pure bred Barred Rocks, which I did not care to sell as breeders. I do my own caponizing and feeding. From this statement you can obtain an idea of the method and profit of fattening fowls for market.

The following, from the Packer, shows that the writer of the above had the true recipe, only slightly improved.

## For Fattening Poultry.

Early in September The Packer man, while traveling through Iowa in his search for news, accidentally ran across the recipe for mixing the feed for "milk fed" poultry. The item containing this information, though small and in an obscure part of the paper, has brought inquiries from all parts of the country for further information regarding the mixture. Upon the receipt of the first few letters The Packer began to try to get the Armour and Swift people, who, by the way, are using the preparation, to talk. They flatly refused, and after further investigation The Packer discovered that it had published a carefully guarded secret.

So many letters have been received from readers asking for this recipe, and as it has already been published, The Packer reprints it as follows:

"Dry mix 100 pounds cornmeal or corn flour with 100 pounds of oat flour or oat siftings; enough buttermilk or sour milk to mix to the right consistency. Add melted tallow according to the condition of the birds."

## A Great Call for Laying-Breeding Stock.

The article below was written for the American Poultry Advocate and is intended for Northern poultry-

men, but we believe that the same thing could be done here.

There is an enormous demand for pullets and hens this season. Several have spoken of it within a few days, and we found a number who were all sold out of surplus stock as early as October. A letter recently received from J. W. Parks, Altoona, Pa., the breeder of great laying Barred Plymouth Rocks, caps the climax in this regard. He tells that he recently had an urgent call for a thousand ready-to-lay pullets, from an Advocate reader in Cuba, and that he has had to refuse orders (offered) for over three hundred thousand females this season. As this is a similar story to what others are telling it is a fair indication of the tremendous call there is this year for good birds.

Why isn't the raising of young stock to sell a good way to increase one's capital, to make the way to increasing one's own business? This is a question we put up to a young man only a day or two ago, when he complained that he lacked capital to build up his poultry plant and business. If he would raise a hundred extra pullets each summer, a hundred more than he wanted to keep himself, he could sell them for \$100, \$125 or \$150, and have so much clear gain or "capital," which would build a substantial addition to his poultry plant. True, the pullets would have eaten \$50 or \$60 worth of food, but the cockerels hatched with the pullets would have sold for enough, (if rightly grown and sold to market,) to pay for the food of both themselves and the pullets, and the pullets at laying maturity would have cost nothing but the labor of hatching and raising the 200 chickens.

That this is a fact we have repeatedly proved in our own experience, and we recommend the idea to young men who haven't desired capital. Only yesterday we met a poultryman who was just delivering a dozen chickens at a market in Brockton. The chickens weighed 4 and one-half to 5 pounds apiece, and he was selling them for twenty cents a pound; or, in other words, he was getting 90 cents to \$1. apiece for them. That sum would pay for the food they had eaten and the food to raise a pullet maturity also.

Let us hatch and raise more pullets next year, and thus be able to supply the great (and rapidly growing) demand for good laying-breeding stock.

## Buy an Incubator.

A lady writes to the Western Fruit Grower an account of her experience as follows:

By all means buy an incubator, if you have as many as two dozen good hens; and buy it early in the season, too, as the early hatched chicks are the ones that bring the top prices.

Last winter I wanted to get me an incubator, but found there were so many different makes advertised that I was puzzled to decide on which one to risk.

I had but little money to spare for an incubator, and none at all to waste in experimenting with one that was unreliable.

After closely studying various catalogues, I finally purchased one that I have found to be so simple of construction that it practically runs itself, as it requires but little attention.

I got a 100-egg size and a brooder to match and received them about the middle of February.

The weather was cold, and I found that the book of instructions warned me against using eggs that were chilled, but I was very eager to put my incubator to work and decided to risk using the eggs anyway.

The result was a very poor hatch, and after a little figuring I found that the market value of the eggs and the cost of the oil was more than my chickens would be worth at two months old.

My faith was still unshaken, although my neighbors chaffed me

about my failure, and would ask the price of eggs and chickens when my incubator was mentioned.

I filled the incubator again after waiting for the weather to moderate, and got an excellent hatch.

As soon as these were out I filled it again with eggs from pure bred fowls purchased from a breeder in a different section of the state.

The incredulous ones were convinced at last and a great many were anxious to be present and witness this last hatch come off if I would tell them when it was done. This I knew would be unwise, for while I was very proud of my machine and my success, I dared not risk endangering this hatch by attempting to exhibit the working of the incubator to entertain the onlookers.

After seeing what a fine hatch of thrifty, vigorous chicks I took off, one woman was very anxious to have me hatch one brood for her.

After such a poor beginning some would have grown discouraged and set it aside, but I have found that it paid for itself and some over the first season, and would not think of doing without it for twice its cost price.

My chicks were healthy, free from vermin, grew quickly, could be shut up at will, and my pullets are so gentle I can handle them with pleasure.

By all means try an incubator, and if you follow instructions, mixed with common sense, you will not regret buying one.

## Chickens With a Pedigree.

We have found a remarkable story in the American Cultivator. It may be true, but we feel inclined to believe that it is only a reporter's yarn.

One of the most remarkable industries which the twentieth century has given birth to is reported established by a number of New York gentlemen at Mamakating, Sullivan Co., N. Y., under the title of the Sanitary and Pedigree Poultry Institution. The purpose is to supply New York city's rich with chickens that are absolutely healthful and carefully developed.

Two thousand butchered fowls are to be shipped into New York daily. Each fowl is accompanied by an affidavit and pedigree, also a silver disc, which is to remain on the chicken until it is served on the table. The breed of fowls produced is the old Southern black and white Dominick, sometimes called the cross-haired Plymouth Rock. The specialty of the institution is broiling or frying birds or young roasting fowls.

The food on which the fowls are fed is a secret, but it is given out that all broilers and fryers are "cocoa fed" until they reach the age of ten weeks.

The originator of the sanitary poultry idea has experimented with this problem for over thirty years, and the fowls produced under his theories are so healthful that the poultry company guards the secret so carefully that absolutely no live fowls will be sold under any circumstances, nor will any eggs be marketed that will hatch. Every bird is dressed so that an examination of the crop and digestive organs of the chickens cannot be made by those who would try to discover the secret.

The prices charged will make one give a whistle of astonishment at first, but on the second consideration the matter of breeding and keeping will explain the price. They are as follows:

Single broilers or fryers, one in a box, aged eight to ten weeks, dressed, \$1.25 each.

Roasters, two or three pounds, \$3; three to four, \$3.75; four to five, \$5.50; five to six, \$5. Nothing sold over six pounds dressed.

Eggs, \$1 per dozen, with affidavit swearing to date of laying.

The gentlemen backing this unique enterprise are confident of its success and have purchased an immense tract of land, are erecting extensive buildings, which are more in the nature

of palaces for human beings than common henhouses.

## The Diary of a Chicken.

The writer of the following from the Youth's Companion, evidently credits a very young chicken with a great deal of "Human Nature."

## First Day.

I'm in a shell. I don't know how I got in, but I think I'll pick my way out.

## Second Day.

I'm out. I picked. I don't see how that shell held me. I was too big for it.

## Third Day.

I have a mother. She is named hen. I thought at first it was feathers, but it turned out to be mother. Wasn't that queer?

## Fourth Day.

This is the greatest day of my life. I found a worm. I found it all by myself. Mother clucked and told me when to look, but I did my own scratching.

## Fifth Day.

It is fine to get up high and see the world. I got on Mother's back, and I could see everything. I suppose there are not many chickens as smart as I am.

## Sixth Day.

I don't like that giant named "Little Girl," that brings our meals; the meal is very nice, but a big giant like that is in the way. She takes up too much room.

## Seventh Day.

I want to leave Mother and go out into the world and be a big hen. I know more than she does now, that is, in the daytime; but when night comes and Mother says "Cluck! Cluck!" I feel just as though I would like better to be under her warm wing. Peep! Peep!

## Captain Nutmeg's Goose Farm.

Farm and Ranch prints a poultry story which is quite amusing. As to believing it, we think that the writer is a rival of Baron Munchausen.

The Captain was a Yankee, of course, and it seems very appropriate that he lived in Connecticut—the state made famous by wooden nutmegs—but he assured that the Captain himself was not wooden, for his intellect was as keen as a razor and many is the tale his old neighbors tell of his shrewdness and ingenuity.

He was raised in the Green Mountains, in old Vermont, and he had in his veins the strong blood of the hardy pioneers who fought in the Revolutionary war with Ethan Allan and Col. Stark, the latter of whom is reported as saying: "See, boys! there are the Red-coats. We must whip them today or Mollie Stark is a widow."

He had gone to the war in '61, and held up his end on many a hard fought battle field, but he was badly wounded and crippled at Gettysburg and unfit for further service, hence he returned to his native hills to eke out a scanty subsistence. But he was no longer the man that he once was physically, and between his wooden leg and the long winters he decided to sell his hillside farm and move further South.

He had kept a few geese in his youth and now, in his extremity, he conceived the idea of going down the Connecticut river, selecting a suitable site and going into the business of goose farming. After looking at various places along the river he finally selected a little farm near Gooseneck Bend in the state of Connecticut, and built a modest house back from the river a little way, and alongside a small stream that came down from the hills.

It was a peculiar coincidence that Gooseneck Bend which had been named from its goosenecked shape, was really the best place on the river for goose farming, for there were wide marshy flats that flanked the river at the point where feed was abundant.

The enterprise prospered from the start, for the Captain and his wife